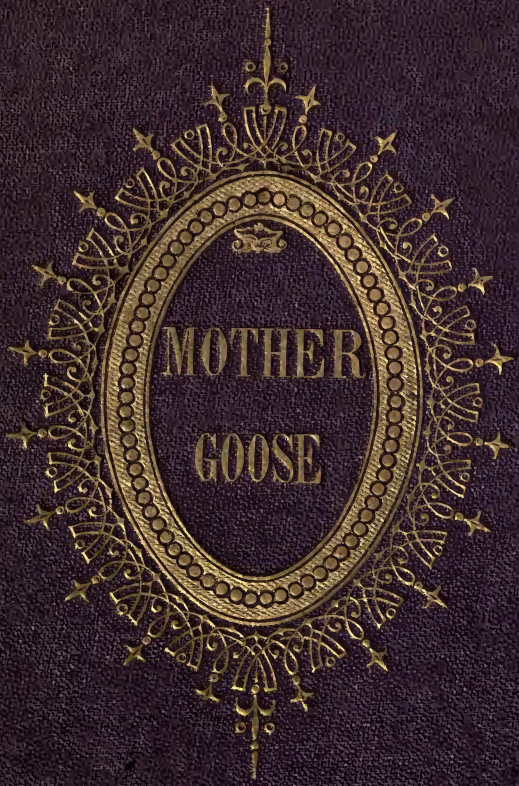
MOTHER
GOOSE

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THE

MOTHER GOOSE;

CONTAINING

ALL THE MELODIES THE OLD LADY EVER WROTE.

EDITED BY

DAME GOSLIN.

Embellished with an exact likeness of the veritable Mother Goose, and Numerous Engravings from Original Designs.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN,

PREFACE.

An edition of the real, original, and uncorrupted melodies of Mother Goose has long been desired by the lovers of ancient poetry. Being myself a lineal descendant of that venerable person, and having in my possession all her original manuscripts with her latest corrections, I was fortunately able to supply this want in a manner which shall leave nothing further to be desired. The present edition, therefore, which I have edited with great care and immense labour, may henceforward be considered the standard edition—the family edition, setting at nought all editions of outside personages who have no connexion with the Goose Family.

The embellishments are from the sketches of an artist who was a contemporary of Mother Goose, and they were presented to her by him shortly before her lamented death. I found them in a portfolio in the drawer of a very ancient black walnut bureau, preserved in the family as a relic. Of course they have never before been published.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by Geo. S. Appleton, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard, and can't see me.

At Brill on the Hill,
The wind blows shrill,
The cook no meat can dress;
At Stow in the Wold
The wind blows cold,—
I know no more than this.

Tommy Trot, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw:
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

Rowsty dowt, my fire's all out,
My little dame is not at home!
I'll saddle my duck, and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritty, trot,
She asked for the porridge she left in the pot;
Some she ate and some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!

Ding, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

Come dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy;
Come dance a jig
To my Granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

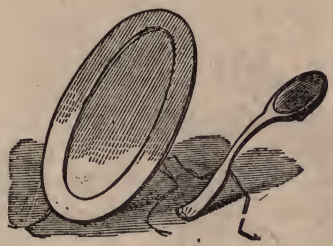
ONE'S none;
Two's some;
Three's a many;
Four's a penny;
Five is a little hundred.

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

Little General Monk
Sat upon a trunk
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire:
If you catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in jags,
Some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.



HEY! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

LAVENDER blue, and Rosemary green,
When I am king, you shall be queen,
Call up my maids at four of the clock,
Some to the wheel, and some to the rock,
Some to make hay, and some to shell corn,
And you and I to keep the bed warm.

Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to play,
My baby wants to play every day.

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little hare's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him;
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him.

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
Tarry awhile, says Slow:
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut,
Let's sup before we go

If a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

CURLY locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving knife,
Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice.

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

'Twas the twenty-ninth of May, 'twas a holiday,
Four and twenty tailors set out to hunt a snail;
The snail put forth his horns, and roared like a bull,
Away ran the tailors, and catch the snail who wull.

Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black-puddings and white,
And slated with pan-cakes—you ne'er saw the like.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the style, boys,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high:

The bull's in the barn threshing the corn,
The cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn,
The cat's at the fire, frying of fish,
The dog's in the pantry, breaking his dish.

HOGS in the garden, catch 'em, Towser,
Cows in the corn-field, run boys, run.
Cats in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls,
Fire on the mountains, run boys, run.

Pit, pat, well-a-day,
Little Robin flew away.
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree.

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single:
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and liv'd with his wife.

The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig:
Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee;
Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

Little Robin Red-breast,
Sat upon a hurdle;
With a pair of speckled legs,
And a green girdle.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wond'rous wise,
He jump'd into a bramble bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

Bryan O'Lin, and his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over a bridge together:
The bridge was broken, and they all fell in,
The deuce go with all! quoth Bryan O'Lin.

There was a king, and he had three daughters,
And they all lived in a basin of water;
The basin bended
My story's ended.
If the basin had been stronger,
My story would have been longer.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been up to London to look at the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry, old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry, old clothes to sell.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sing and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, and in again.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse;
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

Goosey goosey gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.

Fee, Faw, Foe, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Dead or alive, I will have some.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.
A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,"
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty good shillings and three;
Is that not enough tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny lass with a black e'e?

THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge;
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown,
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod;
When I got there I gave a great shout,
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
He would not come to my house, I made a little feast;
I had but a little, but I would give him some,
For playing of his bag-pipes and beating his drum.

Hub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

Ride a cock-horse to Coventry-cross
To see what Emma can buy;
A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
And a twopenny tart or a pie.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

WHO comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where's your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You drunken sot!

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!

THE little black dog ran round the house,
And set the bull a roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a rowing,
And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat with crowing.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

THE Quaker's wife got up to bake,
Her children all about her,
She gave them every one a cage,
And the miller wants his moulter.

PUSSY-CAT sits by the fire,
How did she come there?
In walks the little dog,
Says, "Pussy! are you there?
How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how d'ye do?"
"I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you!"

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighly gaily gamberally,
Higgledy piggledy, niggledy, niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun

The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd over the table,
To see the pot with the ladle.
The broom behind the butt
Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut:
Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,—come along with me.

Hey ding a ding, ding, I heard a bird sing,
The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.

As I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper,
And all the tunes that he could play
Was "Tie your clothes up tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the songs that he could sing
Was "Carry me safe to Dover."

O RARE Harry Parry,
When will you marry?
When apples and pears are ripe.
I'll come to your wedding,
Without any bidding,
And dance with your bride all night.

When I was a little boy my mammy kept me in,
But now I am a great boy I'm fit to serve the
king;
I can handle a musket, and I can smoke a pipe,
And I can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at
night.

Jack be nimble,
And Jack be quick:
And Jack jump over
The candle-stick.

ONE to make ready,
And two to prepare;
Here goes the rider,
And away goes the mare.

TRIP and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove,
A maying, a-playing;
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go,
Merrily trip and go!

SWEEP, sweep,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top,
Sweep all up,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top.

Climb by rope,
Or climb by ladder,
Without either
I'll climb farther.

SHAKE a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

THE man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill;
The miller did swear
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life!

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To brush the cobwebs off the sky!
Shall I go with thee? Ay, by and by.

"ROBERT BARNS, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man:
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod."

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling a'ter.

I WOULD, if I could;
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you without you could, could ye?
Could ye, could ye?
You couldn't without you could, could ye?

THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

JACK SPRAT'S pig
He was not very little
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat;
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Sprat.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

LITTLE Johnny Pringle had a little Pig,
It was very little, so was not very big,
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died.
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggy Wiggie.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

O WHERE are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks
And your coal-black hair?—

I'm going a-milking—
Kind sir, says she—
And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me!

THE King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Went up the hill, and then came down again;
The King of Spain, with twenty thousand more,
Climb'd the same hill the French had climb'd before.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pancake,
And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditter,
Please to give me
A bit of a fritter.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a butcher and a half;
He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
He eat the priest and all the people!

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complain'd that his stomach wasn't full.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY is new come to town,
With a petticoat green, and a bright yellow gown,
And her little white blossoms are peeping around.

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He bought a peck of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums:
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

It's once I courted as pretty a lass,
As ever your eyes did see;
But now she's come to such a pass,
She never will do for me.
She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I'd been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

Over the water, and over the lea,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They lick'd the platter clean.

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver.
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller;
The miller wouldn't have her,
So he threw her in the river.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary;
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Rigadoon, rigadoon, now let him fly.
Sit upon mother's foot, jump him up high.

I HAD a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse
That gallop'd up and down;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

A LITTLE boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out, and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

SING jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me
For kissing of my dame.

Is John Smith within?—
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?—
Ay, marry, two,
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick tack, too.

Bye, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.

If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side.

Little blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen:
Gentlemen came every day,
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

I'LL tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,—
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another
About Jack his brother,—
And now my story's done.

THERE were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack, and the other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack,—fly away, Jill,
Come again, Jack,—come again, Jill.

Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk:
A gown of milk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again!

Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?—
Dog with long snout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

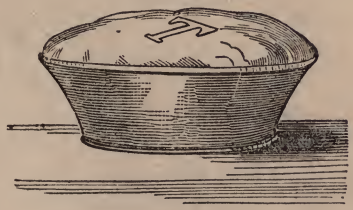
Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.

ONE a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns;
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your sons.
But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work and he did it very well;
I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin;
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
He tumbled down and fell in a rage;
I sent him to the cellar, to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again and said there was none there.

Little boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Little Jackey shall have a new master;
Little Jackey shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
  All on a summer's day:
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
  And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Call'd for the tarts,
  And beat the Knave full sore:
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
  And vow'd he'd steal no more.

Thomas D. Pascoe
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